Abate thy houres, ſhine comforts from the eaſt,
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe that my poore company deteſt;
And ſleepe that ſometimes ſhuts vp ſorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne company. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad,
Cupid is a knauiſh lad, *Enter Hermia.*
Thus to make poore females mad.
Her. Neuer ſo weary, neuer ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me till the breake of day,
Heauens ſhield *Lyſander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground ſleepe ſound,
Ile apply your eye gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight in the ſight of thy former Ladies eie,
And the Country Prouerbe knowne,
That euery man ſhould take his owne,
In your waking ſhall be ſhowne.
Iacke ſhall haue *Ill*, nought ſhall go ill,
The man ſhall haue his Mare againe, and all ſhall be well.
Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.
Tita. Come ſit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes do coy,
And ſticke muske roſes in thy ſleeke ſmoothe head,
And kiſſe thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.
Clowne. Where's *Peaſe bloſſome*?
Peaſ. Ready.
Clowne. Scratch my head, *Peaſe-bloſſome*. Wher's Mounſieur *Cobweb*? *Cob.* Ready.
Clown.

Clo. Mounſieur *Cobweb*,
pons in your hand, and kill
the top of a thiſtle; and goo
ny bag. Doe not fret you
Mounſieur; and good Mou
breake not, I would be loth
hony-bag ſigniour. Where'
Muſ. Ready.
Clo. Giue me your neaſe, M
Pray you leaue your courte
Muſt. What's your wil?
Clo. Nothing good M
Cobweb to ſcratch. I muſt
me-thinkes I am maruailou
am ſuch a tender aſſe, if my
ſcratch.
Tita. What, wilt thou hea
loue?
Clowne I haue a reaſonab
haue the tongs and the bon
Tita. Or ſay ſweete Lou
Clow. Truely a pecke of p
good dry Oates. Me-think
tle of hay: good hay, ſwee
Tita. I haue a venturou
That ſhall ſeeke the ſquirr
And fetch thee new Nuts.
Clo. I had rather haue a
But I pray you let none of
poſition of ſleepe come vp
Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I
Fairies be gone, and be alw
So doth the woodbine, the
Gently entwiſt; the femal
Enrings the barky fingers